

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1808.

[NO. 6.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

MUSÆUS'S PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

CHAPTER III.

ST. WALPURG'S DAY.

Monologue during a Walk.

OH this poor, blind, mole-like race of beings who wander about the world! They have eyes, but they cannot see! Noses, but cannot smell! Mouths, but cannot taste! What a crowd of every-day faces have I not seen passing before me, who think of nothing but setting one foot before the other, drawing their breath, and looking up unmeaningly towards the wide extended heavens; wretches who live, breathe, and move, as if for no other purpose but to eat, and digest their food, or like carmen mechanically to follow their employments!

Happy the man who carries a speculative head upon his shoulders!—who does not gape and stare about for want of something to occupy his thoughts; who does not doze, and sleep, to kill time, or want cards and dice to keep him from being wholly inactive; who never wishes to fly from himself, but can alike draw nourishment for his mind from contemplating the tumultuous scenes of the busy town, and from taking a solitary walk in a lonely valley; yet who never forms gigantic unattainable wishes; never builds fairy palaces; never launches ships of air from the stocks, nor blows bubbles from a straw by way of pastime; neither from an over-heated imagination sees angels and heavenly visions like Swedenborg; but who, as far lies in his power, employs his time in such a manner that it is never misemployed; who not only does not occupy himself with any thing silly or useless, but endeavours to turn his attention to some object of public utility, to one at least that may ultimately prove so, though the *bonum publicum* might not be the principal object in view at the commencement. For where indeed shall we find the man who makes the public good his prime object? Alas! it is but a mask, a varnish, as in former times the *solī Deo gloria*, of the author. But it is at least more decent and becoming to wear the cloak, than to run naked at noon-day into the market-place, and be pursued through the town as a madman.

Every man has some particular vocation, some office, some benefice, or somewhat of the kind that claims his first attention. But if any one says that he devotes himself wholly and solely to this, and never thinks of, or attends to any thing else, I say he is no better than a beast of burden, who wears the yoke from necessity, and

when he can slip it off, thinks of nothing but eating and lying down; he appears to be busy, but is in fact an idler.

A man who has any feeling of his own powers will not suffer himself, like a bird in a cage, who has no other choice left him but to hop incessantly from one perch to another, to be confined within the narrow sphere of that business into which chance has thrown him, but will endeavour to extend his circle of action, and, together with the occupation on which he depends for support, will drive some other, which the humorous Sterne distinguishes by the title of his hobby-horse. Indeed I consider an occupation of this kind to be as necessary towards supplying nourishment for the internal, as the proper calling is for providing it for the external man; it strengthens and expands the inward powers; warms and exhilarates them; gives peace and serenity to the heart, and is a sure asylum, when the storms rage abroad, where the soul may fly, and rest in security till they are passed over. Indeed what can speak more strongly in favour of the hobby-horse, than the consideration that the man who has had a proper feeling of its value in this world, can form no idea of any joy in heaven equal to that of being wholly at leisure to ride the beloved animal from morning till night, without interruption or ridicule. Thus Lavater hopes hereafter to study physiognomy in a better world, upon subjects far more sublime than any to be found in this.

Master Elgotz, my brother gossip, to his outward calling of a minister of God's holy word, adds the inward one of an ardent naturalist. Not a man within a hundred miles has a keener scent at a gnat or grasshopper; the most unwearied sportsman does not pursue a hare more eagerly than he pursues a butterfly; nor are the sins of those who come to confession investigated more carefully, than the nature of caterpillars and other vermin. When he can add a new specimen of marble, a choice pearl, or a plump-pudding stone, to his collection, he is not less transported, than was the assiduous Rust at cutting up a poor devil of an author. About a year ago the good man's house was burnt down, when he lost all his books, clothes, and furniture, besides various other property; but this gave him little concern, since he saved his collection of insects.

His next neighbour is as great a beemaster as any in the whole country. Two of his children died last spring, but his bees had lived happily through the winter, every hive swarmed twice in the summer, for which he obtained a prize from the bee-society, and his family losses were entirely forgotten.

Alderman Wilkes was a bookseller* in London, as was Nicolai at Berlin. Both were much addicted to speculation; the former made the politics of his country his hobby-horse; the latter mounted upon the literature of his. Both be-

* The German author has made a mistake here. Alderman Wilkes was for while united with his father in a brewery, but never followed any other trade.—TRANSL.

came authors, and grew to be the heads of formidable parties; both were alternately carried about in triumph as a show, or pelted with rotten eggs, and hanged or burned in effigy, and both counted their martyrdom as a gain, though purchased at the irrecoverable loss of their only means of living.

If the minds of Klopstock and Wieland had not soared above the callings to which their corporeal necessities destined them, then would the care of the eternal welfare of a little flock in Thuringia alone have rested upon the shoulders of the one, and the guardianship of the terrestrial prosperity of a little town in Swabia have occupied the sole attention of the other. Thus had they spent their whole lives, groveling in the dust, without feeling the nobly frenzy of poetic inspiration, nor had ever climbed the heights of Olympus to drink nectar and ambrosia with the gods.

Moses Mendelssohn in one hemisphere, and John Hancock in the other, began their wordly careers as merchants, the one by inheritance from his father, the other through the love of gain.—Both eagerly followed their natural vocations; the first as super-intendant of a velvet manufactory, the second as a smuggler; but both also mounted upon a hobby-horse, which seemed to have little connection with their first object of attention, and entered with him a second upon the study of philosophy. The first commenced an inquiry into the theory of the Socratic wisdom, and discovered it: the second, into the practice of the Machiavelian art of governing, and attained his point also. Each in his respective hemisphere acquired more celebrity, by his feats in hobby-horsemanship, than he could ever have hoped to obtain in the mere intercourse of buyer and seller. The one became president of a society of literati in Europe, the other president of the Congress of the United States of America.

Wherever I cast my eyes, examples press upon me in confirmation of my opinion that the proper vocation of man is nothing better than mere drudgery, and that he who has no predilection for some hobby-horsical study that may invigorate his mind, refine his feelings, and increase his stock of knowledge, stands in the chain of being but just above the mole or the oyster. And such for the most part are those I have already noticed, as having this day passed in review before me.

Alas! I cannot but feel that for a considerable portion of my life I have been myself no better than a day-labourer. I and my cattle have both worked for our food, but they felt not the indescribable tedium experienced by their driver when his day's work was at an end. For some years past the cultivation of my estate has been the vocation to which the inheritance left by my ancestors has doomed me. To this I have carefully attended; but it was not sufficient to occupy the whole of my time, and satisfy the necessities of my soul. How often has lassitude been

my companion when I have gone from the vineyard to the corn-field; there, under the shade of some luxuriant tree, to contemplate my reapers; and if I chanced to spy some fair Moabitess among the gleaners, I have been obliged to have recourse to her for the amusement of a tedious hour. But this never was more than a palliative to the malady; a radical cure was still wanting, and every day I felt more and more fully assured, that man was not merely to vegetate like a plant, or to eat and lie down like the ox, or only to continue his species like the moth of the silk-worm.

Happily for my repose, I have at length found the true species of nourishment with which to satisfy my soul: the chrystal spring in the midst of the sandy desert which I, poor unhappy wanderer have so long traversed, wearied and fainting, without finding a single drop to strengthen and revive my drooping spirits. Behold me! what animation sparkles in my eyes since I have dipped my staff in the honey of physiognomy, and touched with it my parched lips! what mighty powers do I not feel within me! what feeling, what activity!

The study of man is now a part of my daily occupation; it is become quite my element. In the midst of my profiles, I seem like a fish in the water, and am as happy as Master Elgotz at the sight of an uncommon caterpillar, as his neighbour at an unexpected swarm of bees, as Alderman Wilkes in his minority, as Klopstock was formerly in writing his *Messiad*, and is now at the helm of his literary republic, as Wieland at the birth of every new offspring of his productive genius, as the sage Mendelssohn in revising his *Phædon*, as president Hancock at the head of his congress, or even as the great Lavater himself, when he is penetrating with eagle eye into the inmost recesses of the human heart, by measuring the length of a nose, and the height of a forehead.

Yet it is not my aim to become a dazzling meteor to the world by means of my hobby-horse, like many of the above-mentioned illustrious cavaliers. The favourite study commonly clings to the *studio inclarescendi*, like the ivy round the lofty elm, or the virgin ivy round the mouldering wall. But sufficient is it for me, if I can only speculate in my beloved science, investigate it, arrange, order, prove, compare one profile with another from morning till evening, converse with myself upon the subject, ramble about in the new fields of physiognomy; or, if urged by my humour, sally forth into the world at large, in quest of farther discoveries.

N. B. Here followed a glorious rhapsody before Master Wise-head was pleased to Bathornize it.

FOR THE LITERARY MIRROR.

The Scribbler. N^o 1.

MR. SEWALL.

THE memoirs of a person, written by himself, generally resemble the prattling of children which interests or pleases no one but the parent. I shall not, therefore, introduce myself with a detail of the *ominous* pranks of my childhood, or the *wonderful* feats which I have since performed. Suffice to say, that after various changes and peregrinations, I am lodged in a corner of a com-

fortable antique building. My room is neither remarkable for fitness and elegance, nor inconvenience and awkwardness. It is neither elevated to the sublime height of a garret, nor degraded to an under ground apartment. It holds a medium in point of elevation, which bears comparison with that happy mediocrity in life, free from the dangers of a giddy height and the evils and afflictions of the lowest station.

Its contracted size teaches me how small a space is sufficient for ordinary wants, as it affords me room for a chair, a table, and a bed; air for respiration, and light sufficient to scribble. On my first entrance into my new abode, I at once perceived it had never been occupied by a scholar. There were no couplets chalked upon the walls, no ink spattered upon the floor, or names carved in the window seats; but every thing had the neatness and nicety of some careful grandam. This description of my abode will convince you that I am no poet; but should my successor agree with me in the marks of a scholar, my room will probably acquire me that appellation. My hostess is the remnant of a vine whose other part has long since mouldered away. She possesses all that simplicity and kindness naturally arising from a harmless and untutored mind, whose sprightliness is subdued by age. She takes much satisfaction in telling the disasters of her life, and most pathetically recounting the deeds and sayings of her dear good man. Of her lodgers she has many stories, of one of whom, as particularly pertinent, I will give you the sum of her account. The person was a young man, who appears to have been travelling for his health, which was extremely impaired on his arrival at her house. He was attended by a sister, whom the old lady represents, as excelling in amiableness and sense all others of the daughters of Eve. Of the gentleman, whose frame was feeble and spirits mostly exhausted on his arrival, she could not tell so much, but rather supposed, from all she could discover, that he had much wealth, and (to use her now words) college learning. However easy and affluent his fortune, however flattering his prospects, they were uncertain and deceptive. Wasting disease rapidly destroyed his vigor and sprightliness, death passed upon his body, his spirit fled from earth. The room which he occupied the old lady keeps in a degree sacred, and never enters it but with a kind of reverential fear. After his things were removed, as she was putting in order the closet where his trunks and the articles of his wardrobe had been kept, she discovered a small satchel, containing a considerable bundle of papers. These she has treasured with the utmost caution, but age has so dimmed her optics that she has never been able to discover their contents. With some injunctions for carefulness, she offered me the privilege of examining the papers, upon the perusal of which I found them to be a number of essays and reflections upon different subjects, which appear the leisurely productions of some classical student. Of the merit of the pieces I would not attempt to decide, but as I have leisure, will transcribe them, and submit them to your disposal. Should any numbers be found which may afford any entertainment to the readers of the Mirror, I shall deem it a fortunate accident which threw them into my hands, but claim for myself only the merit of faithfully transcribing.

FOR THE MIRROR.

Lines occasioned by hearing Miss L. sing, with exquisite taste, and pathos, "ANDRE'S COMPLAINT."

OFT at the tale, of hapless ANDRE'S doom,
My heart has paid, the tributary tear;
Full oft the wreath poetic, grac'd his tomb,
And even foes,* wept o'er his youthful bier.

But when thy voice melodious, trembling sung,
The Soldier, Poet, Lover's dying plaint; †
My heart with rapture, on thy cadence hung,
Thrill'd with a pathos, void of all restraint.

And Lady, if departed spirits feel
Soft pitying accents from a mortal breast,
Sure the sweet strain that from thy lips did steal,
Hath sooth'd the "wretched Andre" into rest.

Heav'n grant that Heart, which melts for others' woes
May never feel an anguish of its own;
O! may that voice, that now mellifluous flows,
Be ever tun'd to happiness alone.

And oh! if cares, and sorrows should combine,
To lacerate my heart, my peace molest;
May some soft voice as eloquent as thine,
Whisper bland comfort, to my troubled breast.

HARLEY.

* Major Andre's justly celebrated song, "Return enraptured hours," composed by him, the night preceding his execution, which in delicacy of sentiment, and touching pathos is not probably surpassed.

† The officers composing the American Court Martial, actuated by a feeling honourable to them as men and soldiers, generously afforded the accomplished Andre every means of exonerating himself from the charge of espionage, but in vain; for the candour of his own statement condemned him to death: And Washington 'tis said shed tears when he signed the order for his execution.

FOR THE MIRROR.

On a sprig of MYRTLE, worn by Miss L. in a Boquet.

FROM Parent stock, the myrtle torn,
Droop'd withering and forlorn;
Its verdure faded, fragrance fled,
All thought the MYRTLE dead.

But soon each fear was sooth'd to rest,
When placed on gentle SUSAN'S breast;
Her pitying tears, in dewy shower,
Reviv'd the expiring flower.

Cheer'd by her pure heart's genial glow,
And balmy breath's soft vernal flow,
A brighter green its leaves assume,
And breathe a richer sweet perfume.

HARLEY.

FOR THE MIRROR.

MR. SEWALL.

In your last number I saw the account of the body of a man having been picked up adrift more than 12 months after he was drowned. The singularity of the circumstance led me to make diligent enquiries relative to the facts.

It appears that on the 5th of March 1807 a little before sunset, Mr. Daniel Garland, of Kittery upper parish, aged about 45 years, left Springfield landing in a canoe with the intention of going home. By some unknown accident, Mr. G. being alone, he fell overboard, the canoe with the paddles in it, were taken up at Piscataqua bridge the next day.

On the 13th of March 1808, about eleven o'clock A. M. being high water, Mr. Staples of Kittery discovered something floating up the river which he took to be a log, nigh a place well known by the name of boiling rock. Mr. Staples went off in a float and immediately discovered it to be the body of a man, he called for assistance, and by means of a board that they sunk under the body, carried it on shore.

It was known to be the body of Mr. G. by the dress; having on a green shag waist coat, which with all the other clothes were in a good state of preservation, except

the coat which was partly off the right arm, and hung about the neck.

In his pocket was found his pocket book containing several papers and some change, the papers when taken out and dried were perfectly legible; his clothes were covered with blue clay or mud.

The body was in a good state of preservation, except the head and face were nearly stripped of their coverings, the right hand was off as far as the wrist, and the left had lost its fingers. All the other parts of the body were apparently sound, exhibiting the appearance of spermaceti; no trace of muscular substance was to be seen. The cavities of the body were sound, the joints limber, and flexible. Within half an hour after the body was taken from the water, the skin turned of a purplish hue, but was wholly free from smell at evening when it was buried.

It is well known to naturalists that when animal substances have been for a long time covered with earth and moistened with water, that they are changed into a peculiar waxy substance resembling spermaceti, to which has been given the name of adipocere. I have no doubt, from the appearances, of that change having taken place in this body. We are forced to believe that the body had been buried in this blue mud or clay, from the clothes being completely saturated with it, and had it not been buried, it must have been destroyed if in the water, by fish, and if on the land, by vermin or putrefaction.

The probability then being that soon after death the body was covered over with earthy matter at the bottom of the river. It now remains to explain what should cause it to leave its incarceration at the bottom of the river, at a period of a little more than one year, and float on the surface, not like a drowned body, just perceptible above the water, but buoyant like a log, more than one half appearing above the surface of the water, which we are credibly told was the case.

The time required for converting animal substances into adipocere is by naturalists fixed at about one year, we shall say that at this time the adipocieration was completed on this body, and by that means the body had become specifically lighter than before, therefore at this particular time it broke its incarceration and floated on the top of the water.

Native Poetry.

Sometime since, at a certain tavern, falling in company with the Lews, eminent musicians, the eldest of whom I had long known; I took the liberty of shaking hands with them. When a young upstart, enquired in a most sarcastic manner, whether I was acquainted with Touissant, Christophe, and Dessalines; being altogether heedless of his impertinence, the question was again repeated with the additional remark and information to my ignorance, that those men were the black emperors of St. Domingo. As the fop was an utter stranger, and as his impudence to me, and reflection upon the Lews were without the shadow of provocation, I thought him a proper subject for correction, and addressed him the following as a chastisement; and should he, and others like him thereby learn a better lesson, the object would be answered, and the labour amply rewarded.

THROUGHOUT the world in all its various climes,
Civility's surviv'd the worst of times;
Among Barbarians this law prevails,
Even Robber, Robber, with politeness hails;
And to make use of an expression bold,
Good manners, devils damn'd, to devils hold!
And it is strange, in this enlighten'd age,
There should be found those who this law outrage.
But now and then, we meet a coxcomb, fool,
Who violates of breeding every rule,
Turns from his skull, his little natural sense,
And fills the vacuum up with impudence;
Then deals it out to strangers as they pass,
With an unblushing, harden'd face of brass!

That this thy character, canst thou deny?
But if thou dost, thy conduct gives the lie!
It is indeed, a dirty one to wear,
And, to be told it, may seem hard to bear.
But, I've not done, for I shall to thee stick,
And hast thou feeling, touch the to the quick;
Not that I love to dip in gall my pen,
And like thee, pour abuse on worthy men;

'Tis far from me to wound th' ingenuous heart,
No! in my own, I'd sooner thrust a dart!
But 'tis a maxim which I ne'er neglect,
To treat all grades of men, with just respect;
To keep Saint Paul's wise precept in full view,
And honour ever give where honour's due.
But, when a coxcomb, dares, without offence,
Insult the stranger with rash insolence;
I feel constrain'd, for his own good, to strip him,
Expose him bare, and, if I can, to whip him!
To give with power, and energy the stripes,
Until he bellows out from all his pipes!
Chastisement is an antidote to pride,
As to the sick, is physic, well appli'd:
It often purifies the basest mind,
And shows the man, how swell'd he was—with wind!

But dost thou know, the insult thou hast given,
To the great RULER of the highest heaven?
Of persons, no respecter is his mind,
Such as do well, with him shall honour find;
No matter of what cast or clime they be,
Or rich, or poor, of high, or low, degree.
He's made all nations of one flesh and blood;
And how dar'st thou, arraign Almighty GOD!
And cast reflections! where's of him thy dread?
Blush with confusion, and hang low thy head!
But this, remember, when thou seest the Lews,
Thou art not worthy to untie their shoes.
Below whose greatness, thou dost move as far,
As moves this globe to the remotest star!
Before whose SUN thy LITTLE GLOW-WORM LIGHT,
Sinks to the shades of everlasting night.

But if I'm wrong, if I degrade thy name,
Make known thyself, I'll spread abroad thy fame;
Say, canst thou strike th' immortal poet's lyre,
Soar with Lew's strength, and burn with all his fire?
Teach heavenly strains of harmony to roll,
With his whole scale of music in thy soul?
Say, canst thou boast his dignity of mind?
His manners, genius, worth, and sense refin'd?
In his bare looks, there is more sense, and wit,
Than thou through all eternity would'st get!
What to commend thyself, then, canst thou show,
Bring forth thy treasure'd lore, and let us know?
Heavens! here it comes! what a prodigious mass
Thou hast to show, but then, it is ALL BRASS!
This boast: but if TRUE WISDOM be the test
By which thou would'st be try'd; it is confest,
He is most WISE, who PRACTISES the BEST;
And if 'tis KNOWLEDGE, get this TRUTH by heart,
True knowledge lies, in ACTING WELL our part.
This makes a GENTLEMAN, and by this RULE,
How far art thou remov'd Sir, from a FOOL?

If a man's MANNERS does his FORTUNE shape,
Thou hast been FORTUNATE thus far t' escape;
Still, if thy FORTUNE's shap'd, as thou seem'st BRED,
Thy FORTUNE will be yet a BROKEN HEAD!
For patient Jobs are scarce among mankind;
And what thou giv'st, they'll pay thee in like kind;
But toward some, should'st thou such LANGUAGE hold,
They'd pay thee in a HARDER COIN, tenfold!

But since thou'st thrown down the partition wall,
Between what MAN and ANIMAL we call;
Since BRUTISH BREEDING BEST, thy BASENESS suits,
Abscond Society, go, join the brutes!
Assume their varied voice, air, colour, shape,
Prate, with the prating parrot, ape the Ape;
Like a cock-turkey, STRUT AWAY—and shine,
Proud as the peacock, dress'd in plumes as fine;
Snort with the horse, and with the mad bull roar,
Howl with the wolf, and froth with the wild boar;
Scream out with owls, and bark with barking dogs,
Gabble with geese, and croak with croaking frogs;
Stick on the quills of the fierce porcupine,
Hep with the swell'd throat toad, and grunt with swine;
With spiders weave, to show how low thou'rt sunk,
Hiss with the snake, and burrow with the skunk;
And then to crown the whole, and end the farce,
Put on long ears, and live and die an ASS!

* Mr. Zadock.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The highly interesting story of Sir Edward and Louisa, favored us by a very attentive and obliging young lady, shall grace the pages of the next Mirror.

The young lady over the signature of MYRA, will accept our thanks for her politeness and attention in the communication of an original, poetical, polished production, and other pieces selected for the Mirror. The former, we shall insert with no small pleasure in our next.

'VICARIOUS' is under consideration.
Several other original performances are on file, and shall meet with all due attention.



PORTSMOUTH, March 19, 1808.

DISTRESSING EVENTS.

Suicide—On the 25th ult. Mr. Ezekiel Doge Wheeler, deputy Sheriff, of Barre, Vermont, put a period to his existence, by cutting his throat.

On the 8th inst. Miss Charlotte Page, aged 16 years, daughter of Mr. Job Page of Concord, put an end to her life, by cutting her throat. After an absence of about three hours, she was found by her father in the barn, upon a scaffold of hay, where she committed the fatal deed.

Fire!—On Wednesday, 16th inst. the jail in Augusta, Maine, was destroyed by fire, kindled as supposed by incendiaries. An attempt was at the same time made upon the court house, two burning brands being discovered in one corner of it, but early enough to be extinguished. Intimations having been some time before given, that the Indians or Squatters, were about making such an attempt, the official papers had been removed to a place of safety. The inhabitants of Augusta being fearful of further violences, the light infantry company of that place have been under arms for its safeguard.

On the 1th inst. the large buildings in Richmond, Vir. belonging to Mr. Benja. J. Harris, in which he carried on the manufacture of tobacco, were entirely consumed by fire, with a great quantity of tobacco manufactured, and all the apparatus belonging to the factory.

At Lexington, Vir. the house of Mr. Joshua Ward has been consumed. Two of his children perished, and others were dangerously burnt.

The house of Elder Bates, of Queensbury, state of N. York, has been destroyed by fire. A man 67 years of age, was burnt to death—and his aged wife was injured, that she survived but a few hours.

Edward Donally, was executed at Carlisle, Penn. Feb. 8, for murdering of his wife, and afterwards consuming her body by fire.

The death of Mr. Abner Clough, of Loudon, was noticed a few weeks since in the Concord Gazette. His body has been since taken up, and examined by several Physicians. It appears that the day previous to his death, he was in company with one Cilley in Epping; and as Mr. Clough happened to give him some trivial cause of provocation, Cilley retaliated by giving him a number of severe blows, with the butt end of his whip, which are supposed to be the cause of his death. Cilley has been apprehended.

Drowned, in St. John's river, Dr. Wm. Bestwick, of Burlington, (Ver.) aged 34. He was returning from Montreal in a loaded sleigh, and it broke through the ice.

ORDAINED

At Winthrop, (M.) on Wednesday 24th ult. as an Evangelist, the Rev. Daniel Lovejoy.

At New-Milford, Con. Rev. Andrew Elliot.

MARRIED

In Boston, Mr. John Dodge to Miss Eliza Tyler, of Newburyport. Dr. John Basrow, of Northampton, to Miss Nancy Thaxter.

DIED

In England, Lord Trafalgar, aged 20; nephew of the late Lord Nelson, and only male issue of the present peer. Also, Lords Elcho and Penryn.

In Germany the reigning Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, (Princess of Saxe Cotha) aged 51.

In Newburyport, Rev. Jonathan Stickney, aged 48, late minister at Raymond, N. H.

In Boston, Mrs. Mary Spear. Mr. John Underwood, aged 28. Mr. Abraham Townsen, aged 45. Mrs. Abigail Gulliver, aged 32.

In Dorchester, Mr. James Robinson, aged 75. In Salem, Miss Sally Pope, aged 27.

Selected Poetry.

"The rich flowers of Fancy with Genius entwined,
Form a bouquet of sweets for the classical mind."

THE MILLER'S MAID.

A TALE.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Concluded from our last.

THE SOLDIER'S TALE.

"I cross'd th' Atlantic with our regiment brave,
Where sickness sweeps whole regiments to the grave;
Yet I've escap'd, and bear my arms no more;
My age discharg'd me when I came on shore.
My wife, I've heard—and here he wip'd his eyes—
"In the cold corner of the church yard lies,
By her consent it was I left my home:
Employment fail'd, and poverty was come;
The bounty tempted me;—she had it all:
We parted; and I've seen my betters fall.
Yet as I'm spar'd, tho' in this piteous case,
I'm trav'ling homeward to my native place;
Though should I reach that dear remember'd spot,
Perhaps Old Grainger will be quite forgot.
All eyes beheld young George with wonder start:
Strong were the secret bodings of his heart:
Yet not indulg'd; for he with doubts survey'd,
By turns, the stranger and the lovely maid.
"Had you no children?" "Yes, young man, I'd two:
A boy, if still he lives; as old as you:
Yet not my own; but likely so to prove;
Though but the pledge of an unlawful love:
I cherish'd him, to hide a sister's shame:
He shar'd my best affections, and my name.
But why, young folks, should I detain you here?
Go; and may blessings wait upon your cheer,
I, too, will travel on; . . . perhaps to find
The only treasure that I left behind.
Such kindly thoughts my fainting hopes revive!
Phoebe, my cherub, art thou still alive?"
Could nature hold! Could youthful love forbear!
George clasp'd the wond'ring maid, and whisper'd "there!
You're mine for ever!—O, sustain the rest;
And hush the tumult of your throbbing breast!"
Then to the soldier turn'd, with manly pride,
And fondly led his long intended bride:
"Here, see your child; nor wish a sweeter flow'r.
'Tis George that speaks; thou'lt bless the happy hour!
Nay, be compos'd, for all will yet be well,
Though here our history's too long to tell."
A long lost father found, the mystery clear'd,
What mingled transports in her face appear'd!
The gazing veteran stood with hands uprais'd—
"Art thou indeed my child? then God be prais'd!"
O'er his rough cheeks the tears profusely spread;
Such as fools say become not men to shed:
Past hours of bliss, regenerated charms,
Rose, when he felt his daughter in his arms;

So tender was the scene, the generous DAME
Wept as she told of Phoebe's virtuous fame;
And the good host, with gestures passing strange,
Abstracted, seem'd through fields of joy to range:
Rejoicing that his favour'd roof should prove
VIRTUE's asylum, and the nurse of LOVE;
Rejoicing that to him the task was given,
While his full soul was mounting up to heav'n.
But now, as from a dream, his reason sprung,
And heartiest greetings dwelt upon his tongue:
The sounding kitchen floor at once receiv'd
The happy group, with all their fears reliev'd:
'Soldier,' he cried, 'you've found your girl, 'tis true;
But suffer me to be a father too;
For never child that blest a parent's knee
Should show more duty than she has to me;
Strangely she came; affliction chas'd her hard:
I pitied her;—and this is my reward!
Here sit you down; recount your perils o'er;
Henceforth be this your home; and grieve no more:
Plenty hath shower'd her dew drops on my head;
Care visits not my table, nor my bed."
My heart's warm wishes thus then I fulfil:
My dame and I can live without the mill:
George, take the whole; I'll near you still remain,
To guide your judgment in the choice of grain:
In virtue's path commence your prosperous life;
And from my hand receive your worthy wife.
Rise, Phoebe; rise, my girl! kneel not to me;
But to that power who interpos'd for thee.
Integrity hath mark'd your favourite youth;
Fair budding honour, constancy and truth:
Go to his arms;—and may unsullied joys
Bring smiling round me, rosy girls and boys!
I'll love them for thy sake. And may your days
Glide on, as glides the stream that never stays;
Bright as whose shingled bed, till life's decline,
May all your worth, and all your virtues shine!"

Anecdotes.

From a London Magazine.

Something Marvelous.

THE shark said to be caught in Walney Channel, with a pair of buckskin breeches, a man's hand, and a diamond ring, in his belly, reminds us of an account of an enormous whale said to be stranded off Flam-borough Head, in the year 1259, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, with a church steeple sticking out of his mouth. On cutting up the sacrilegious monster, which could not be performed so quickly as to prevent his convulsions from setting all the bells a ringing, the whole congregation were found in the body of the church, inclosed in the stomach of the Leviathan, in the very act of singing psalms, and the parson in the vestry, taking a glass of wine before sermon!!!—We think, whatever may be the extent of the "historic doubts" of some men, they who think the Walney account credible, are bound to believe the Flam-borough anecdote, which comes down to us covered with the venerable cloak of antiquity.

The spare meagre figure of the late Mr. Hare, gave occasion to the following bon mot of Mr. Selwyn.—Mr. Hare had married the sister of Sir Abraham Hume, and it was a considerable time before the Baronet was reconciled to the marriage. When, however, that event took place, Mr. Selwyn expressed his satisfaction to Mrs. Hare, on having heard that Lazarus had been received into Abraham's bosom.

Lon. Mag.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE DAME,

Has removed to a shop in part of Col. George Gains's dwelling house, Congress street, where he continues to practice

Painting, Gilding, &c. &c.

in its various branches. Those who please to employ him may depend upon his using every effort to give satisfaction.

In PORTRAIT and MINIATURE Painting he will warrant accurate likenesses, or no pay required.

PROFILES painted on paper or silk, and a variety of Profile Frames constantly on hand.

Ladies' needle work neatly framed and glazed.

March 19.

Young Ladies Academy,

For DRAWING, PAINTING and DANCING.

G. DAME,

Respectfully informs the inhabitants of Portsmouth, that should they afford sufficient encouragement he will instruct young Ladies in the above polite arts, at the Assembly Room, commencing his Academy in April.

DRAWING & PAINTING furnish a pleasing amusement, and are necessary accomplishments for young ladies, not only in the display of taste and genius on paper, silks, &c. &c. but in drawing and designing patterns for the use of the needle.

DANCING

is a polite accomplishment, and every one will acknowledge its usefulness in a genteel education.

G. D. will engage to teach the most modern steps, Contra Dances, and Cotillions, and hopes by his attention to give general satisfaction. Should he have twenty five scholars for Dancing, his price of tuition will be six dollars each per quarter, giving twenty four lessons, or two per week on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

The number of fifteen pupils for Drawing and Painting, will be attended to on Monday and Thursday forenoons, twenty four lessons, price six dollars per quarter.

Those who wish to attend either or both of said schools will please to leave their names in season at the Assembly Room, or at C. Peirce's Bookstore, where subscription papers are left—as G. D. will commence as soon as a sufficient number apply. March 19.

20,000 DOLLARS !!

The GREAT PRIZE of Twenty Thousand Dollars, was on Monday last, drawn against

No. 21549,

In HARVARD COLLEGE LOTTERY,

And was sold in Quarters,

At GILBERT & DEAN'S

REAL FORTUNATE LOTTERY OFFICE,

No. 78, State street, Boston.

The two largest prizes ever known in the Northern States have been sold by Gilbert and Dean.

TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage.

To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.

The Literary Mirror,

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAYS,

By STEPHEN SEWALL,

AT HIS PRINTING OFFICE IN COURT-STREET,

OPPOSITE THE BRICK MARKET,

PORTSMOUTH,

N. H.